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It's the breakfast you never had as a kid, the one you swore everyone else on the block but you was having. Well, you were wrong. None of us ever ate breakfast this delicious or we'd have eaten that meal more often. Those who market flour, yeast, eggs, and sugar should canonize Sarabeth Levine, for no one else does these ingredients so much justice. Her baked goods make you laugh at the sheer unapologetic windfall of richness in each munch (if there were any justice, Mrs. Fields would leap into a vat of her own dough after tasting just one of these cookies). Sarabeth's omelettes envelop fillings that taste crisp. And in the evening, her chicken pot pie, pot roast served with mashed potatoes and roasted-root vegetables, and pan-seared halibut are as pointed and pungent as the French guys who seem to have a lock on being profiled in the Wednesday dining sections can turn out. Sarabeth can do it all. And make brownies, too.

— Hal Rubenstein
